It's Just A Game by Bookishgirl1991

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Summary: Beverly's 18th birthday has come, alcohol and weed are in play along with the games of Truth and Dare and the occult Ouija Board, but something comes through, it can't be real, right? It's only a game, right?

1. Chapter 1

Beverly tied her hair up in a high ponytail, now down to her mid-back. Now more wavier than what it was before, she had grew out her fringe into a side fringe. The radio was playing Aaliyah- At Your Best (You Are Loved), she goes to her vanity and applies brown eyeshadow, black eyeliner, black mascara. She touches up on her eyeliner, and then applies her red lipstick, grinning to how pretty she actually looked and felt. She looks at the picture of Bill Denbrough and her from homecoming from freshman year. She adopted the grunge look, to now fit how she always wanted to look since she moved in with her aunt in Bangor.

She backs up from the mirror and looks at her body, checking to see if anything had grown since yesterday. She signs and reaches for her bra on the end of her bed, now a size 32 D, she puts her bra on and grabs her mustard yellow high waist cami top and high waist shorts. Her outfit only left a sliver of flesh between the pants and her top.

"Beverly, are you ready? Jesus, how long days it takes girls to get ready?" "Shut up, Richie!" Beverly smiled, hearing Richie and Eddie. She puts her socks and shoes on and rushes down the stairs. "Hey, guys. What movie were we going to sneak into again?" She asks, grabbing her backpack. "Uh, Pulp Fiction, duh." Richie says in a 'Are you really asking that' tone. "We've seen that movie 50 times, dude!" Eddie rolls his eyes, while Richie makes gun hand motions at Eddie, shooting the 'gun' at Eddie while Eddie went on a rant.

"Pulp Fiction! 'Surprise Motherfucker!" Richie yells interrupting Eddie, Bill walks in the door. "R-Richie, knock it off." He chuckles, he walks up to Beverly. "A-are you ready? You look g-gorgeous."

Beverly blushes, and bites her bottom lip. Bill's speech had been getting better over the years. "Is Stan coming?" She asks, looking around. "You do remember he is the usher, right?" Eddie says, opening his fanny pack to take a pill for his headache as Richie adjusts his glasses. Beverly's bra strap falls off her shoulder, and she quickly fixes it, watching eyes on her.

After the movie, the Losers walked around to the park and sat down

on the grass. "So, Beverly. What do you plan on doing for your birthday next week, you will be turning 18." Asked Stanley, who had grown his hair out like Chris Cornell from Soundgarden, his curls faded over time. He would normally just put his hair into a low ponytail. "Hmm... I have some things in mind, my aunt will be working overtime next week at the hospital, so we have some alcohol so we can have our own party." Beverly grins, the others except Stanley grins along.

"What if we get caught with the alcohol, my parents can't know that I was drinking, or at a girl's house..." Stan says worryingly. "Stan the man drinking? Oh man, I would love to see that!" Richie yells out.

Beverly grins, leaning in between Bill's legs with her back against him, their fingers intertwine. Richies look back at them. "I'm guessing you two have done it yet?" Beverly kicks her feet at him. "Beep beep! You do know your name is short for dick, right Richard?" She giggles, the others laugh. "Oh okay, Molly Ringwald wannabe." He rolls his eyes. She glares at him, raising her middle finger to him. "Okay, settle down you two." Everybody got quiet for a few minutes. "Well, I got work early tomorrow, we should get going." Stanley says, stretching his arms out, yawning. The others followed Stanley to his car, a 1992 Ford Taurus Sedan Wagon, his 16th birthday car. The others were more comfortable with their bikes, they didn't have the courage after what happened to Gretta Keene last year, she was involved in a fatal car crash after being drunk behind the wheels after a party. Beverly hated her, but it didn't mean she deserved death. Only Stanley had the courage to get a license and drive his car.

Bill and Beverly walk down the street, holding hands. "I-It's midnight." He says, looking at his watch, pushing his hair back behind his ear. She smiles and blushes, knowing what he is going to do, since he does it every birthday of hers. "H-Happy B-Birthday..." He pulls her in for a kiss, this one was a different, it was deep and had some passion to it. Beverly didn't want it to end, but they were interrupted by cats chasing each other and knocking over a garbage can nearby, scaring both of them.

They kissed once more, shorter this time. He hesitated leaving each other.

2. Night of the Party

At 4:58pm, Beverly was getting ready for the party. The others were supposed to be here at 5:15pm and she had slept in a bit. Her aunt trusted her not to have the house trashed or on fire by the time she got home. She put dark lipstick on, black eyeliner to frame her eyes, making her blue eyes pop. She was one of the lucky teens that didn't have acne, so she kept away with foundation since she had clear skin, just a less freckles during the winter. She added mascara on her top and bottom lashes, showing off her long lashes.

She continued to be bullied even through high school, a group of girls only managed to cut Beverly's hair to her armpit, Beverly nonchalantly put it in a ponytail and walked away as the teachers surrounded the girls. She had her aunt french braid her hair, leaving her side fringe alone. She had tweezed her eyebrows so they were thin, though shaped like Marilyn monroe's, but thin like Drew Barrymore's pencil thin eyebrows. Her outer brows were penciled in to look natural since she has fair eyebrows. She put on a black figure-fitting turtleneck sweater and black short skirt with red leggings, it was 33 degrees unlike last week being around the 50's.

She brought out the beer, vodka from the cellar and rum along with garnishes to go with the drinks along with coca cola to mix with the alcohol. She went to the pantry and quickly brought out the chips and dip made of salsa and sour cream. She called Papa Johns for two large pepperoni and one large cheese pizza, with the money her aunt left for her.

The door bell rang, she raced up the stairs from the den and opened the door. "Hey!" She says out of breath, it was Stanley and Eddie. "Hey, Beverly! Happy Birthday!" They said, holding a present for her. She smiles warmly and lets them in. "I just ordered some pizza for us all. We got the house all to ourselves." Eddie nodded, acknowledging what she said.

Mike had moved an hour away, and he made the effort with his girlfriend to come and visit. His girlfriend Monica, has medium brown hair, wearing box braids that admires her caramel colored skintone. She wore a ribbed crop shirt shirt that was yellow with a

carbon black flannel jacket, and a denim jeans that fit quite snug with rips and holes in it, even one so risque that shows her butt cheek. She was gorgeous with her light green eyes, and brown lipstick, she had only applied mascara. Richie was enthralled with her athletic body, yet she had wide hips, large breasts and small waist. Mike was lucky, and he knew it. "Hey, girl!" Monica said, meeting Beverly for the first time and reaching out to hug her. Beverly was shocked with how nice and welcoming Monica was, she was 5 inches taller than her too, and that was without heels, Monica pulled Beverly aside and shows her what she had brought for the party. "Look what I brought to spice up the party." She says in a playful tone. "Wow, thanks." Beverly says, unsure of if she actually wanted to bring weed in the party. Ben showed up, nobody had seen him for 2 years, and he had lost a lot of weight, and he was taller too. Beverly rushed to him and hugged him, she had missed him. "Wow, Hey Beverly. Happy birthday." He says smiling, trying to move inside to get out of the cold.

As everybody, except Bill and Richie were eating pizza and mixing rum with coca cola, Eddie had dimmed the lights. Everybody noticed and looked towards the stairs leading to the front door. "What's going on?" Asked Monica. Bill and Richie came down with a cake, the 18 candle was lit and everybody else started singing Happy Birthday. Beverly got emotional and the others hugged her as Bill and Richie brought the cake to her. "Make a wish, Bev." Richie says, grinning at her while adjusting his glasses with one hand while the other held the cake up. She blew out the candles, and everybody clapped and cheered.

The clock read 10:12pm, and everybody were either tipsy or drunk. Monica was laughing at every joke and voice impersonation that Richie did, while Mike sat smiling while listening to the jokes. Ben was talking to Stanley about the new school he was at, and what he did to shed the weight. Bill and Beverly were cuddling on the couch, drinking their vodka with jolly rangers candy inside. Eddie was in the kitchen, putting away the left over cake.

Monica claps her hands, and got everybody's attention. "Y'all, how about we play a game." She yells out through her drunkness, giggling. "What game?" Asked Stanley, the one who was drinking responsibly

and the only who wasn't really drunk yet. Monica looked around at the others, grinning. "Truth or dare!" She says, flipping her braids behind her. Mike sat up, trying to reprimand his drunk girlfriend. "Yeah, let's play." Beverly says, raising her glass of vodka to the idea.

They all gathered in a circle. Beverly, Richie, Stan, Ben, Bill, Mike, Eddie and Monica together, Monica brought out two joints. "Anybody want to try as we play? It'll make the game more intense." She says lighting up one joint. Everybody was shocked that there was a girl smoking weed in the same room as them. "I'll go." Says Richie, still under the love spell that she had on him, she leans over, exposing massive cleavage while smiling, knowing he can see it.

Richie's face grows red, flabbergasted. He tooks a hit, inhaling deeply before coughing. They laugh uncomfortably as Richie has a coughing fit.

After everybody had taken their hits, even Stanley surprisingly. Everybody felt like they were floating, the alcohol enhanced the THC massively. It was Eddie's turn in Truth or Dare.

"Dare." Eddie says, trying to be brave for whatever Richie had up his sleeve.

"I dare you to smell the toilet bowl." He says, a sparkle of evil in his eyes.

Eddie had regretted it deeply, everybody expressed disguist at the dare except Richie who was laughing menacely.

Everybody gathered around the bathroom, watching Eddie as he creeps up to the toilet, gagging at the thought of smelling lingering fecal matters. It took him 10 minutes to actually smell the toilet due to Richie threatening to do something to him in his sleep that was worse than the dare.

3. Stanley's bad memories

A/N: Hey, Stanley's experience in this story is based on Cary Fukunaga's 2014 draft script mixed with the Paint woman who snacked on Stanley.

It was Eddie's turn. "Richie, truth or dare." He says, plotting his revenge, but he didn't have the heart to do what he had done.

Richie looks at Monica who winked at him, and Beverly who was cuddling with Bill with her back to him, watching on. "Dare." He says. Eddie licks his lips. "I dare you to... Touch Monica's chest." Richie froze in place, face growing beet red. Mike, however, was sighing while placing his head in his hands... Wondering what he got his girlfriend and himself into. He had a feeling Richie never had a chance with a girl before from how he was acting towards Monica.

Richie looked at Mike as in asking for approval without saying anything. Mike lets out a long exhale before nodding in approval. Richie reaches over before losing his balance and reached his hands out, without knowing he actually grabbed Monica's breasts to keep him from falling on his face. He squeezed lightly, and then paused after finally realizing what he had grabbed on. He slowly looks up at her face and sees she was also shocked that he did that, even on accident. He looks around and everybody was even shocked. A knock was at the door, Beverly got up, almost losing her balance from the mixture of weed and alcohol. She opens the door and finds her best friend Lilly was at the door with something that looks like a board game. Lilly is a goth who was adopted from South Korea who somehow made it onto the cheerleading squad, thanks to her gymnastic upbringing in Portland, Oregon. "Hey, Bevvie." She says shuddering from the cold despite her heavy jacket she had on, with only her fishnet seen underneath. She stepped inside, taking off her coat, and sitting next to Stanley who was uncomfortable around her, and blushing a bit. She was wearing a camoflage camisole with a water bra underneath to push up her already big boobs up towards her neck, and a shorts that were shredded and marked with sharpies. She had her hair up in a high ponytail, bleached blonde hair that complimented her ghostly white skin. "Should I take off my boots?"

She raises a eyebrow at Bev while asking, pointing at her boots. "Nah, you're fine." She says slowly sitting back to where she was before. "Wait..." She sniffs around. "Alright, who around here isn't passing me a joint?" She asks, smiling.

The game continued, Beverly knew Stanley was a prude and would never really do anything sexual unless under pressure. "Stanley, truth or dare."

"T-Truth." He says, narrowing his eyes. Beverly raises a eyebrow while thinking of her question.

"Is there anybody in this room that you have a crush on?" She looks at Lilly, knowing that Stan actually likes her.

"... Yes." He says quietly. Beverly smiles. "Who is it, Stanley?"

He looks, side-eyeing Lilly as she slowly turns her head to him. Everybody gave their "Oooh!" at the reveal. It was Monica's turn. "Stanley, I dare you..." "Wait! I don't get a choice?!" He objects. "Hell no, you already answered Truth, now you get a dare." Monica scoffs, throwing back her braids behind her shoulder. Stanley awaits his doom.

"I dare you, to have '10 minutes in Heaven' with Ms. Lilly here." Nearly everybody exclaimed, Richie laughing in shock with the fact that Stanley was going to get some.

Stanley, however, looked mortified. He wasn't mentally ready for this.

Lilly got up, she had known to be an actual slut around school and she was proud of it, Beverly supported it since she was wrongfully called a slut in middle school. She did the seductive finger beckoning to him as she walked to the closet near the stairs. Stanley didn't budge. She had to go over to him and pull him up by the shirt and lead him to the closet against his will.

"H-Help..." He says, looking back at Bill with the look of helplessness, Bill is just trying to stiffle his laughter at the situation.

Stanley and Lilly disappeared behind the closet door, and then there

was silence for 2 minutes... And then... *BANG!* Beverly shot up and ran to the closet, threw open the door.

She blushed at the scene, and quickly closed the door, completely flustered.

Lilly was sitting on top of Stanley, her placing his hands on her breasts while they made out, they had broken the pole that held up coats and hangers, and the coats broke their fall.

Stanley was red in the face, and holding still, shocked by what was happening.

After 15 minutes, and everybody were talking, and passing another joints, they got out of the closet. Lilly was braless and her lipstick was smeared. Stanley was wearing her smeared lipstick, no expression on his face. He quietly walked to the bathroom and slammed the door.

Richie frowned, knowing something is wrong. He got up, grabbed the left over bottle of vodka and walked to the bathroom.

POV: Richie

"Stan, are you okay?" I ask, knocking on the door gently. All I can hear is him sobbing, reminding me when we were in the cistern and when Stanley got seperated from us.

He tried the door handle, it was unlocked. He opened it and found Stanley sitting in between the toilet and the tub, his face hiding in his knees that he had brought up to his chest. I sigh and squat down in front of him, placing a hand on his shoulder. "You okay?" A knock was placed on the door. "Yeah?" I called out.

"Can we come in?" A female voice says, the door opened a crack and it was Lilly with Beverly behind her. Lilly looked around confused while Beverly had a solemn look on her face. I back up to make room for them, Beverly sat on the toilet with the lid down while Lilly sat on the edge of the bathtub, adjusting her breasts in her tank top. Stanley lift his head up, his face all the way down to his neck was red. He was hyperventilating and streams of tears flowing down his

face. "Hey, was it something I did...?" Lilly asks, I scoff and chuckle. *Yeah, you had your way with him and traumatized the poor man.* I thought, shaking my head gently. Beverly placed a hand on his shoulder. "N-No, and yes." He said in a light voice, muffling. Lilly frowns. "I'm sorry... There was bad memories from 5 years ago... Similar to what you did." I say, placing a hand on Lilly, she furrowed her brows. "You... Were raped at 13?" She asks. I think about it and nod. "Yeah, you can say that, in a way." I looked at Stanley, seeing him giving me the *Are you for real?* look on his face, his eyebrows furrowed and his eyes squinting with his mouth slightly opened. Lilly grabs Stanley by the hand and he looks up, seeing a sad expression on her face. "Come on, let's go upstairs..." Beverly looks up too, and nods. "Yeah, let's go."

END OF RICHIE'S POV

STANLEY'S POV

I look up at Lilly, she still looked beautiful despite her make up being messed up. I wanted to take a wipe and clean it off... My OCD talking.

"Come on, let's go upstairs..." I look over at Beverly and bite my top lip, and then stand up. Richie sat there awkwardly, not knowing what to do. Lilly's grasp slowly slid down to my hand, I felt Beverly put two hands on my back, as we walked. We went up the stairs, into Beverly's room. I sat on the bed as Lilly laid on one side of the queen size bed, and Beverly picked up her Lavender scented candle, and lit it with a purple bic with a yellow lightening bolt on it. She sat on the edge of the bed next to me, lights a cigarette and takes a drag before exhaling, she then passes it to Lilly. "Talk to us, Stan. Was it the woman from the Mikveh?" Lilly raises one eyebrow, blowing the smoke upwards.

"Woman in the Mikveh? The fuck?" Lilly says, looking at them both like they are crazy.

Beverly exhales with impatience, turns to Lilly. "Lil, there are some things I know you will never understand. But this Derry, there is a evil here. A shape shifter. It killed Bill's brother Georgie. Back in August, 1989, we fought it, and Stanley almost died from it." Lilly

stares at Beverly, squinting her eyes, studying her face to see if she was telling the truth. I sigh and sit in criss-cross motion. "Look, Lilly. You don't have to believe us. I know it sounds crazy... But believe me, it was very traumatizing, and with so many deaths that happened through the years, you kind of have to believe some of it." Lilly frowns a bit. "Stanley, please tell me what happened, help me understand."

I sigh and close my eyes, collecting memories.

"I was at the Synogogue, a place for Jews. I was practicing reciting the Torrah for the Mitzvah. I had to use the bathroom, so I went to the basement... But I couldn't find the bathroom, so I went into the Mikveh, a place for Jewish women, a cleansing room for their menstration." I paused before saying Menstration, still embarrassed to mention it to two women infront of me. Beverly was looking down, smoking her cigarette. She heard it once, but it had been forever since she had heard it. Lilly was focused on every word Stanley said, her head on the pillow, looking up at him. "I was relieving myself in the pool, and a woman came up from the water. It was really strange because why would she had been waiting at the bottom just to come up, plus I never saw seen her before. She was pretty, but she was too pale to be alive. She mentioned that I was going to be a man soon, and she stood up from the water, and there was nothing but bone past her rear-end. She was *touching* herself down there, her face slowly changed into the clown's as she got closer, and closer..." I spaced out, lost in memories. "W-What happened next?" Lilly asks, now sitting up a bit, she seemed on edge.

"She lunged for me, and missed. But in the Cistern, I ran into her again, and her mouth was full of razor sharp teeth, her mouth stretched long enough to cover my whole face." He points to the scars of teeth mark on the sides of his face.

Lilly looks down, exhaling. "I'm sorry, I didn't know." Stanley shrugs. "It's alright, you had no way of knowing anything that happened here. They hugged, she kissed him on the cheek. Beverly smirked and side hugged Stanley. A knock on the door startled them, the door opened and Bill was there. "Hey, is e-e-everything okay in here?" They stared at him before they went back downstairs.